

## “NO SURRENDER.”

Behold the Crimson Banner float,  
O'er yonder turrets hoary;  
It tells of days of mighty note,  
And Derry's deathless glory,  
When her brave sons undaunted stood,  
Embattled to defend her,  
Indignant stemmed oppressions's flood,  
And sang out "No Surrender."

Old Derry's walls were firm and strong,  
Well fenced in every quarter,  
Each frowning bastion grim along,  
With culverin and mortar—  
But Derry had a surer guard,  
Than all that arts could lend her,  
Her 'Prentice hearts the gates that barred  
And sang out "No Surrender."

On came the foe in bigot ire,  
And fierce the assault was given,  
By shot and shell 'mid stream of fire,  
Her fatal roofs were riven;  
But Baffled was the tyrant's wrath,  
In vain his hope to bend her,  
But still 'mid famine, fire and death,  
She sang out "No Surrender."

Again when treason madden'd round,  
And Rebel hordes are swarming;  
Where Derry's sons the foremost found,  
For King and Country arming.  
Forth! forth! they rushed at honour's call,  
From age to boyhood slender,  
Again to man the virgin wall,  
And sing out "No Surrender."

Long may the crimson banner wave,  
A meteor streaming airy,  
Portentous of the free and brave,  
That manned the walls of Derry;  
And Derry's sons alike defy,  
Pope, traitor, or pretender,  
And peal to heaven their 'Prentice cry,  
Their patriot "No Surrender."